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Memorial Address

by

Robert G. Cousins, L.L.D.

on the Life and Services of the late

Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver

March 16, 1911

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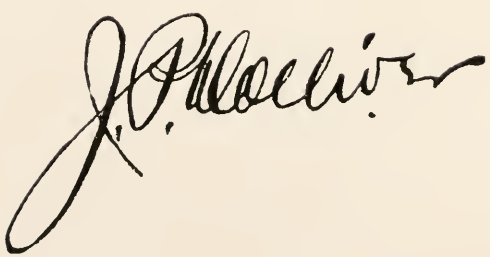
MEMORIAL ADDRESS

ON THE LATE

JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER

BY

ROBERT G. COUSINS



Robert G. Cousins

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

BY

ROBERT G. COUSINS, LL. D.

ON THE

LIFE AND SERVICES

OF THE LATE

Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver

DELIVERED BEFORE THE LEGISLATURE
OF THE STATE OF IOWA

ON ITS INVITATION

MARCH 16, 1911.

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Dolliver inherited no political prestige. He had no Duke of Rutland for a sponsor. The clifty hills and lofty mountains of Virginia were his great godfathers and the honeyed valleys of that romantic birthland whispered their soft dreams into his eager, boyhood ears. The rivers and the hills of loyal Illinois gave welcome to his trudging weary feet and encouraged his exalted hope. The rolling plains and honeysuckled woodlands of our river-bordered Iowa sang thrice welcome to the bright-eyed continental wayfarer and won his wondrous heart and scintillating brain for its historic heritage.

Members and Guests of the Legislature of Iowa:

Your greatly esteemed invitation, which I could regard but virtually as a complimentary command to appear before you on this occasion, could not fail to bring to my mind another event many years ago, when occupying seat numbered "69," on yonder aisle, the House of Representatives of the Twenty-first Assembly of our State elected me for a far different duty to perform in a matter then pending before the Senate. And scarcely could it have been imagined then that a quarter of a century later, I should be bidden by this Assembly to speak in memory of one who was then my earliest companion in the campaigns of his adopted commonwealth, this my own native State.

But the destinies of men can seldom be foreseen and fate forever loves to mystify their future and their plans. Nevertheless, it seemed certain to many of us then that Jonathan P. Dolliver was made and marked for eminent success.

No words of mine are needed now to fasten up the fame which, by his great abilities, he wrote across the nation's sky. No praises or encomiums are required to carry his illustrious name into the devoted households and the hamlets and the cities of the State of Iowa.

Mysteries of Life.

Human life, in fact all life, is the strangest and most wonderful of the mysteries. So, too, is death—save for the teachings of some philosophers—likewise mysterious. But the natural phenomena of autumn time with gently fading colors, with swift receding vigor, seem almost easily accounted for—an inexorable, known, expected fact. The setting sun and all its twilight hues are sure, decided, known, and fixed as is the picture painted by the artist's brush.

But, who feels certain of the dawn or of a single day, much less of the course of a human life? Will the sign of Aries or Leo, or Sagittarius or Aquarius or any sign or star under which a human life starts out, determine its course, its rising or its downfall? Not so. The teachers of the zodiacal science tell us that the possibilities of one born in the sign of Aquarius are greatest of all and also may be the poorest and the worst. How, then, is a human soul to be separated from the infinite mysteries that attend it? Who can know what bloom of sunny clime, or frigid zone, or axioms of our childhood faith, or mystic teachings of some far-off land shall lift, or thwart, or guide straight onward to its fairest goal a human soul? How is it that in one case environment, associations, or conditions shall inspire a human mind so that it leads on to the splendid glory of uncommon and incalculable achievement, may be by winning the souls of men with mighty eloquence and reason, or thrilling them with melodies so great and sweet that they seem almost to have been dying throughout the centuries of time with the pain of silence; and in another case of the very same conditions and environment, some other human being seems ignominiously to lose itself along the way of life without achievement or distinguishment and without the exultation of success. I have sometimes thought that the secret of it all is like the secret of a perfect love, which in our mortal world can never be, without complete, unstinted sacrifice of self.

However all this may be, the man whose brilliant and unusual career we memorialize today, achieved and felt in fullest measure the exultation of singular success. He put his life upon the altar of his hope and art and there it was consecrated to the end.

Environment.

To be born of frugal, healthy parents in an environment that is stimulating is a great advantage. The green fields of Virginia far away, and the hills and vales and mountains of that statesmen-moulding commonwealth, first heard the voice of Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver. They had heard the unctuous and exhorting voice of his dear old father before him, and the voices of seven of our presidents in their youthful days. But Virginia was the cradle also of thousands whose

reputations never crossed its borders. Dolliver was born also in a most favorable sign, on the 6th day of February, 1858; but millions, of whose names the world and you and I have never heard, first saw the light in that same sign and under that same lucky star.

Training and Tugging.

Educated well at home and finished with a college touch, our seventeen-year-old Virginian looked over the mountains of his birthland, took the sun for his pilot and Horace Greeley for his advisor and started on foot for the empire of the pioneers. We were all here waiting to help him and to shout for him. Both of my grandfathers had been here for more than thirty-five years welcoming such bone and flesh and blood. He tarried in Illinois and dug potatoes while a local school board were deciding to elect him teacher. Little did the people of Sandwich, Illinois, know what they were missing when they let the young Virginian leave them and locate in Iowa between the two great rivers. But of course they and nobody else ever knows what may come out of a hickory shirt and a celluloid collar. Thousands had come away from there, thousands from New England and Ohio and Indiana and other states, but nobody knew which ones were geniuses until the mettle of their intellects came in contact with the flint of circumstances and experience.

When Dolliver came to Ft. Dodge in the Spring of 1878, nobody knew about it except his brother who accompanied him, and the landlord of whom they rented a small office. When the struggle became so hard that they had to sleep in the office, his brother went back to Virginia into the ministry and Jonathan, as he tells us himself, worked on the streets for a dollar and a half per day.

Awakening of Souls.

The soul of every individual must always have an awakening if it is to expand. If that awakening does not come, we shall never know much of the individual. Perhaps many lives have been wasted for want of an awakening.

Nothing tends so much to bring out true worth as trouble. Nobody ever amounted to very much in this world unless he had to. The best flowers of genius have blossomed from Bleeding Hearts.

Bulwer Lytton tells us of his young physician who studied and who suffered long and patiently in the community and that finally "Abbey Hill let him feel its pulse." Robert Burns suffered and sang so sweetly in the provincial region of Ayr that finally he was invited to Edinburgh.

When Ft. Dodge had discovered Dolliver, they must share him with the whole State. He was invited to Des Moines. He spoke to a state convention and the nation took up his name. Of course he plagued the opposition and had fun with the mugwumps. He said they treated their consciences as if they were the stock in trade of a baking powder factory—they solemnly protest that everybody's conscience has alum in it except theirs. But no matter, he was awakened and from that moment his real life began. He was a permanent factor in American politics and in all political campaigns. He campaigned with Blaine and with all of the best of them from that time on.

With the enviable reputation which his first convention speech had given him throughout the country, and with his local prestige which had been gradually building and with the earnest aid of such strong characters as the late Governor Carpenter, it is not strange that he was soon chosen for Congress in the Tenth District.

Intellect and Office.

There is always in every community a natural fraternity of intellectuality. There is a certain magnetism of intelligence that is always and everywhere irresistible. Thomas B. Reed once said: "There is no refinement quite equal to the graceful, mighty intellectuality. That of itself is always a commanding charm. It rules wherever it appears. Wealth bows to it and seeks its patronage while even ignorance reveres it."

Men are chosen for important offices, such as Congress, on account of being singularly known in the communities for something, either for unusual ability or for some signal success. Of course, by dint of dollars, in preliminary squabbles, men sometimes break into important offices, creating wonderment as to how they got there. But,

as a general rule, a man's name on the roll of the American Congress can be accounted for. I remember on entering Congress nearly two decades ago I began running over the list of names and to investigate the probable reason for the presence of certain members there. There was the name White. How did he get there? On investigation I found he was the author of White's Yucatan chewing gum, a wealthy gentleman, the leading citizen of his community, and a large employer of workmen. Then there was the name Cochran, the famous Irish orator of New York. There was the name Sorg, whom I found to be one of the leading tobacco manufacturers of the world, a large employer of men and a liberal spirit in his State. Then there was Thomas Dunn English, partly accounted for by the fact that he was the author of the famous "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," and so on through the list. The name Dolliver was there, already accounted for by his fame fairly well established before he came. He had been in the noted Fifty-first Congress, known as the Reed Congress, and had taken part in the discussion of the McKinley Bill. He was already established so that his appearance for a speech attracted attention and commanded silence.

The Great Arena.

The House of Representatives, under certain circumstances, is probably the greatest arena in the world. Few men have been able to hold and control it for any great length of time. You can count on the fingers of your hands the occasions during the last two decades when different speakers have commanded it in such quietude that the speaker could be distinctly heard for a continuous hour. Under such circumstances it is a rare and wonderful arena. The English House of Commons is a play house compared with it. I have heard Balfour and Bannerman on the same day in the House on a government issue and have witnessed a dozen occasions in the American House of Representatives that far surpassed such a noted session of the Commons. Usually in the House there is constant conversation while the ordinary member is speaking. That is the general rule. But sometimes, while full to overflowing, the House becomes intensely quiet and remains so if the speaker has the ability to hold it. Dolliver was one of the few who at times commanded silence.

It is not my purpose on this occasion to produce a biography or the history of a congressional epoch. I shall content myself with citing a few instances of this man's singular power as a speaker in that great arena.

Early Advocate of Navy.

Not Theodore Roosevelt, nor any Secretary of the Navy, or Assistant Secretary, but Johnathan P. Dolliver, early in his congressional career, in the Fifty-third Congress of 1894, long before the Spanish War, was the first to make an effectual appeal for a substantial navy. On May 9, 1894, among other strong utterances in the House of Representatives, he said:

"I came into the Fifty-first Congress and, by some mysterious movement of Providence that I never was able to understand, I was assigned to duty upon the Committee on Naval Affairs. I am very glad that it was so, because it led me to interest myself in this great national enterprise and to enlist the sympathetic interest of a great community which is not directly concerned in the management and expenditures of those sums which Congress puts at the disposal of the Navy Department. As a friend of the new American Navy, I want now to enter a humble protest against what appears to me to be a conspiracy of scandal and libel and unfounded criticism that is fast undermining the faith of the people of the United States in the integrity of the administration of the Navy Department and in the value and seaworthiness of the new steel ships, which are the pride and the boast of the people of the United States."

Great Counselors and Common Sense.

In that same Fifty-third Congress, while his alert mind was studying the propositions of reduction of protection for our agricultural products in the Wilson Bill, he came forward in behalf of his constituents and in behalf of sound principle, in a mighty speech, some of which can be appropriately and non-partisanly quoted here, because it signalizes the name of Andrew Jackson, the most conspicuous of Democrats, in agreement and in sympathy with the views of Benjamin Franklin, Horace Greeley and Abraham Lincoln on the most vital issue of our industrial history. On that great occasion, when the most illustrious minds were engaged in the debate, Representative Dolliver, who had before that time manifested in a powerful way his great and genuine interest in the cause of the farmers of our state by a continued and mighty effort in behalf of the settlers of the Des Moines River region, entered the congressional debate again in the

cause of the farmers and wool growers of the country and is fairly represented in that historic record by these strong and eloquent utterances:

"Common sense is the most splendid possession of the human mind. It is the only absolutely reliable human faculty. If this world were full of philosophers, of statesmen, of orators, of political economists, it would hardly be possible for a plain man to live in it at all. They would talk him to death; or if he escaped that they would argue him, after the manner of Edward Atkinson's recent address to the workingmen of Boston, into the belief that by some new principle of cookery the shin bone of a beef can be so prepared as not to be distinguished from a sirloin steak. (Laughter.) Fortunately, we have had in the history of the country at least four resplendent types of American common sense—Benjamin Franklin, Andrew Jackson, Horace Greeley, and Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.)

"If the young men of the United States can find a doctrine of practical politics upon which that little group of statesmen are agreed, it is a waste of time to hang around the lecture rooms of a free-trade university in the hope of getting a patentable improvement on their wisdom. (Applause.) The doctrine of the protective tariff, vindicated by the united judgment of these men, may be attacked, may even be for a time discredited, but can not be permanently dislodged from the sober judgment of the people. The storm of clamor and hearsay and interest may threaten it, but in the end it will find an anchorage in the public judgment that is sure and steadfast. Can any sane man believe that God gave to our fathers the far-sighted prudence of Benjamin Franklin if He had intended this country to be guided by the advice of John Randolph, who used to say that he would go a mile out of his way to kick a sheep? (Laughter and applause.)

"Can it be believed that Andrew Jackson made the eighth day of January notable and famous only to give certain orators of our own times an opportunity to exploit the free-trade notions upon which the ordinance of nullification in South Carolina was predicated in 1832? (Applause.) Is it credible that Horace Greeley, faithful journalist that he was, made a daily record of the famine, in the midst of which the people celebrated the Christmas of 1854, if the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee is now to persuade us that the starving multitudes of that afflicted winter were really enjoying the blessings of a 'symmetrical industrial development'? (Laughter.)

"Can any man in his senses suppose that Abraham Lincoln was called to think, to labor, to suffer, and at last to die, that through his martyrdom the struggling millions of the earth might be free, if, after all, his countrymen are to cast away his counsel and reorganize their affairs on the lines laid down in the Confederate constitution? (Loud applause.) So that I for one am not discouraged, even if this Congress should enact the proposed bill into law without substantial modification, because I know that the people of the United

States, having learned their lesson in the midst of broken fortunes and impoverished industries, will come back speedily to the historic standards of American common sense." (Applause.)

Save for the forensic contests of the Fifty-third Congress, in which the mighty intellect of Thomas B. Reed was actively engaged upon the floor, those of the first session of the Fifty-fifth, in 1897, were perhaps the greatest in our recent history. On the 23d day of March, in that great year of restorative legislation in Congress, Mr. Dolliver made one of the most attractive speeches of his life. I quote a brief sample of Dolliverian style and strength:

The American Farm.

"Originally the American farm, except in some textile fibers, was entirely without competition, and for that reason no duties were needed to protect the ordinary products of the farm. But that state of things no longer exists in the United States. Last year Mexico sent to us nearly 300,000 head of cattle. I received a telegram night before last from a packing house in Chicago, stating that the proposed duty of $6 on Mexican cattle was prohibitory, and adding that they were buying their canners in Mexico. I replied that the duty of $6 on Mexican cattle was intended to be prohibitory, and that we had canners for sale out in our own western states. (Laughter and applause on the Republican side.) Last year the Dominion of Canada—and I should like to have the attention of our friend from Missouri (Mr. Dockery)—poured into the American market place, a market place helpless and distracted, millions of dollars' worth of the ordinary products of the farm.

"Against that state of things, whether the gentleman from Missouri (Mr. Dockery) knows it or not, the American farmer has complained, and his complaint has reached the ears of the committee which prepared these schedules. I do not know but what we shall live long enough, to be able to get into Canada without going out of the United States (applause); but until that time comes I intend to support no tariff law that does not set before the American farm the shield of the same law that shelters the American factory. (Applause.)

Food and Factories.

"I live in a State almost entirely devoted to agriculture and if our people out there had no other interest in a protective tariff except its indirect effect on the American market place, if they had no foreign competitors, as my friend (Mr. Dockery) claims, I should still feel authorized to appear for them in behalf of this bill, because if there is one thing that we have learned by experience, and a bitter experience at that, it is the hardship and burden of trying to sell farm produce in a market place stricken and prostrate by the idleness of a population once busy and prosperous. (Applause.) The farmers of the United States, my brethren, are eager, not for the fabled markets of the world; they are longing for the music of the old factory bell, calling back the idle millions

to the deserted workshops of the United States. (Applause on the Republican side.) The roar of furnaces that are now cold, the noise of looms that are now silent, will mean a good deal to the working people of the United States. It will mean not less to the scattered households on distant prairies remote from smoke and noise where, for four years, industrious men have seen the fruits of their toil waste in the fields that produced them.

"Open the Statistical Abstract of the United States. What do these figures mean? The consumption of wheat fallen off in the United States a bushel and a half for every man, woman, and child in it; the consumption of corn fallen off nearly a billion bushels in a single year. Gentlemen, there is 'the skeleton in the corn-crib,' if you will pardon a phrase from your friend Governor Carpenter, of Iowa, affectionately remembered by the older members of this House.

"I stood last winter at a street corner in the city of New York and saw the hungry multitudes waiting to be fed by the hand of Christian charity; and as I looked upon that general assembly of poverty, that rendezvous of human misery, I said to myself, 'Here is a fac simile of the famine of 1855, described by Horace Greeley, in the old New York *Tribune*, when before his eyes thousands of men fought like wild beasts for a place at A. T. Stewart's daily banquet of free-trade soup.'

Wool and Wisdom.

"The proposed bill reclassifies the clothing wool, notwithstanding the statement of my friend from Colorado (Mr. Bell) to the contrary. It puts in the class of clothing wool all the wools of the world that can be used for clothing wools, and it restores the protective rates of 1890, in order that the American flocks may not be further scattered and in order that agriculture may enter upon and possess this half-occupied field of domestic production. The existing law was ingeniously framed to give cheap wool to the factories, and it accomplished that, incidentally putting most of them into the hands of a receiver. (Laughter.) Therein lies a double affliction on the American farm, because no rate of duty, as my friend from South Carolina ought to know, is worth anything to the farmer unless the factories of the United States are busy, since the American clip must either be sold in the United States or kept over as a souvenir of legislative stupidity. (Laughter.)

"The woolen factories of New England, which my friend from South Carolina talked about, never asked for free wool; and they accepted it with doubts and fears; nor is it too much to say that all their fears have been realized, for the statement made yesterday by our honored leader (Mr. Dingley), as to the effect of this legislation on the farm and factory and on the Treasury is fully corroborated by the official reports. It was intended only to slaughter the sheep; it has operated to slaughter the factories and to slaughter the Treasury. They said that the price of wool would be kept up by the activity of the mills, and the revenues of the Government would be kept up by the activity of the custom-house. Their theory is as beautiful as any dream that ever grew in the imagination of man. We were not only to hold our own, but

we were to go out with our free wool cloth and divide with Bradford and Chemnitz the job of clothing the naked inhabitants of the earth. (Laughter.)

"That was the theory. What has actually happened may be stated in a few plain words and figures. Ten million sheep driven to the slaughter; 80,000,000 pounds of American wool displaced in our own market; the importation of cloth multiplied by 2; half the woolen mills idle and locked up, and the other half on scant wages and short time; the Treasury of the United States $21,000,000 shy (laughter); our choice and select gentry disporting themselves in German, English, and French clothes, and the rest of us shinning around in overcoats purchased during Harrison's administration." (Applause and great laughter.)

War With Spain.

On the evening of April 10, 1898, invited by the late President McKinley, I attended a conference consisting of the President, the Secretary of State and two members of the United States Senate, all, save one, now deceased, to consider the matter of our interference with Spanish government in the island of Cuba. Soon after entering that conference President McKinley said: "I propose to do everything for peace that is possible to do with honor to our country. What do you think, and what have you heard from the people?" I said to President McKinley and to the other members of the conference that I had spent several years on the Committee of Foreign affairs doing the best I could to prevent war; that I had pigeonholed many inflammatory resolutions and letters, and that in my opinion there was a matter of far greater importance than the one of immediate interference with Spain, and that was whether we were to recognize the independence of the "Cuba Junta," the government then proposed there, which, as everyone versed in international law knew, would put our officers and soldiers under command of Cuba generals. The President said: "That must not be. That must by all means be avoided."

On the next day the message of intervention came to the Congress, and the vote of the committee and of the House sustained the President's position.

These matters I have stated preliminary to offering the Record that should be quoted, in fairness, concerning Senator Dolliver's loyal and masterful upholding of the late President's hands in the difficult and trying proceedings of the Spanish War, and of the adjustments that attended its final outcome.

To begin with, on the 25th of January, 1899, he had this to say concerning the beginning of that war, which I have mostly in memory, but which I read, as I have others of his words, from the Congressional Record, so they may be accurately stated:

"It was a hopeful and admirable thing that when the question of declaring war arose the nation spake as one man, putting away the contentions of domestic politics in the presence of the public danger. It suggested a moral unity never before attained in the United States. There were Tories in the Revolution, there was an opposition party in the War of 1812, our army in Mexico never got beyond the sound of partisan disputes in this Capitol. Every movement of the Government in the Civil War was impeded by a restless and malignant minority in both Houses of Congress. But in the war with Spain, for the first time in our national history, whatever was done was done by the whole American people, in a lofty national spirit, from which all the littleness of political strife entirely disappeared.

"The grandest scene ever enacted in this House was that historic day in the last session when every man on this floor voted to commit to the President of the United States the solemn duty of preparing for the national defense, and for that purpose placed at his disposal the resources of the Government."

Laurels for Lawton.

One of the best and greatest utterances of our distinguished friend was that concerning General Lawton on March 7, 1900, when he, with many of our volunteers and regulars, were striving to establish orderly and peaceful government in the Philippines. This is as nonpartisan as patriotism itself, and sets an example of eloquence and high-minded utterance of the highest order. I read it, lest some precious word might be omitted:

"A few days ago in this city, in a stately ceremonial, his comrades carried to Arlington the bravest of the brave. It was he who, at the time when the printing presses of America were busy with deeds of valor furnished in manuscript by gentlemen who performed them, standing before the multitude at Macon, could only say, 'I am not an orator; I am a soldier. I am not a hero; I am a Regular.' (Applause.)

"What right have people living under the shelter of our laws to embitter the service of a man like that as he rides under unfriendly skies, careless even of his life, at the head of an American command? Is it not a shame that this old soldier, who for forty years had obeyed the orders of this Government, receiving hardly enough to support his family and educate his children, with no ambition except to do his duty, should in his last great campaign hear messages from home so filled with banter and criticism and reproach that his heart sank within him, and in his agony of spirit, seeing the shadow upon him, he wrote the words I am about to read?

"'I wish to God that this whole Philippine situation could be known by every one in America as I know it. If the real history, inspiration, and conditions of this insurrection, and the influences, local and external, that now encourage the enemy, as well as the actual possibilities of these islands and peoples and their relations to this great East could be understood at home, we would hear no more talk of unjust "shooting of Government" into the Filipinos or of hauling down our flag in the Philippines.

"'If the so-called anti-imperialists would honestly ascertain the truth on the ground, and not in distant America, they, whom I believe to be honest men misinformed, would be convinced of the error of their statements and conclusions and of the unfortunate effect of their publications here. If I am shot by a Filipino bullet, it might as well come from one of my own men, because I know from observation, confirmed by captured prisoners, that the continuance of the fighting is chiefly due to reports that are sent out from America.'

"Standing by the grave of Henry W. Lawton, I appeal to the patriotic millions of my countrymen without regard to politics to put an end to the pestilent in fire in the rear which for nearly two years has followed our Army in the Philippines, filling the hearts of our own soldiers with despair and the hearts of their enemy with comfort and good cheer." (Loud applause.)

Gratitude to the Grand Old Man.

During his mighty and conspicuous service in the Senate, and near its close, came the most delicate test of Senator Dolliver's brilliant career. After enjoying the helpful friendship of one of the most magnanimous statesmen Iowa ever had, William B. Allison, and when the character of that friend was questioned in one of the prominent magazines of the day at a crucial time when his candidacy was before the people of our state, for the last time, Senator Dolliver said to me:

"I realize that I am the one who should do it, and I am going out among our people and take up the cause of the Grand Old Man. I care not what it may cost me, he has been my friend and the friend of every young man in Iowa public life."

And he went, risking even his health and life. I mention this noble event of his career, not for the purpose of awakening any issue which was involved in that campaign so far as the politics of this state was concerned, but simply to call to memory the gratitude and faithfulness of the man who had the courage to risk all that he had at stake personally, and to offer to the present generation an example of singular and beautiful gratitude. Whoever is without gratitude is lacking in virtue and in manhood.

Dolliver stood by the side of his lifetime friend evincing the noble loyalty of a comrade and a gentleman, and mankind approves his course. He knew, as we all know, that the notorious magazine assertion that Senator Allison was a multi-millionaire by illy-gotten gains was a purchased falsehood, and he knew that Senator Allison led the simplest sort of life while he labored from early morn to late at night for his country and especially for Iowa and her people. He knew that if Senator Allison had sought great wealth he could easily have gained it. But he knew that he was not wealthy. He did not know then, as is known now, that, including trust funds within his management and belonging to others, his total accounting at the time of his death was less than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. But he did know that Senator Allison was an honest man, and the charge that he was not stirred the blood of this loyal Virginian and set his eloquent lips on fire. And while they may have uttered words that stung and sounded harsh, the spirit of their utterance was generously considered by understanding minds, and the motive was everywhere considered equivalent to exoneration. I would be a coward on my own account and a coward on his account should I omit mentioning that worthy episode of his illustrious career, and I do not hesitate to offer every word of this memorial, so far as it is applicable and so far as virtue is concerned, in honor of my life-long friend, Senator William B. Allison.

Integrity of Public Men.

It belongs to history and to the memory of Senator Dolliver to say also that he knew that the life of the average legislator is an upright and an honest life. He knew, for example, that Thomas B. Reed, the foremost of American politicians, was sometimes seen going about the railroad ticket offices in Washington trying to buy a cheap ticket to his home in Portland, Maine. He knew that Tom Reed never had a railroad pass, as many of us never had, on any railroad entering the city of Washington. Senator Dolliver knew perfectly well that the average legislator has all he can do to meet his expenses; that as a rule he is not a man of wealth; that he is a representative of the people not only in title, but in financial status as well; and he knew this by the experience of many years; and he came to the state and told the story of that grand life that had been devoted for the good of his country and of his state.

A Rainbow in the Gloom.

Remembering his own hard struggle for a start and for success in life, his voice was always lifted for the good of his generation and of future generations and for his fellow men. He had that temperament which taught him that the most evil seed that can be sown in a community is the seed of suspicion and of doubt, and that the best spirit that can be nurtured is that of faith and confidence and charity and integrity. Therefore he inculcated the hopeful spirit in his fellow men. He was the sunlight in every social circle of his friends. He was like a "rainbow in the gloom." The language of his ordinary conversation turned the corners of thought so abruptly and so swiftly that there was constant, epigrammatic and inimitable illumination. He was the prince of good cheer and one of the happiest integers of human individuality in our serious, struggling world.

A Heart Fatigued.

After all the years of toil and exciting contest for a full decade in the House of Representatives, and with tremendously exhausting work in the Chautauqua service, in which he earned substantial profits, and with all the burdens and embarrassments of his senatorial career, his great heart began to wane. The strongest machinery must finally break. Even steel and iron and hardest granite are not impervious or imperturbable. Whoever touches and commands the hearts of others must always give up something of his own. So many hearts had been touched, so many souls had been stirred in all those great campaigns, that finally his own was worked to the mortal limit. Many the time I met him late at night and early in the morning in those fatiguing campaigns when we were out on the road, sometimes sixty to seventy days, and home, maybe three or four nights in all that time, sleeping perhaps four or five hours the night, and having a splendid time, we thought, at that. And they were splendid and historic days when Iowa had the greatest corps of campaigners in the country; when she had two members in the Cabinet and the Speaker of the House of Representatives; when aforetime Tom Reed had said, "You have so much talent in your state, it is impossible to do justice to it and to the other states in Committee appointments."

It was a great honor and a sweet exultation to stand with the van of such a delegation, and the inspiration of it moved the heart of our friend to faster beating until 'twas overworked.

Meridians of Fame.

But think of the many souls of history that have reached their greatest power and sometimes have worn out their physical machinery before their suns had passed the periods of their brilliant and powerful meridians, yes, even before the shadows fell towards the east.

Many have been the soldiers who have won their laurels early. The hero of Ravenna was only twenty-two. Italy was conquered twice by military heroes only five and twenty. Innocent III has been called the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven and at that same age Lord Byron died. Victor Hugo wrote "Bug Jargal" at fifteen, and Pascal was a great author at sixteen and died at thirty-seven. Edmund Burke was author of "The Sublime and Beautiful" at twenty-six, and Grattan entered the Irish Parliament and fame at twenty-nine. Richelieu was bishop at twenty-three and Secretary of War and State at the early age of thirty-one. Raphael had become illustrious and died at thirty-seven. William Pitt, the contemporary of our own illustrious Hamilton, and two years his junior, inherited the prestige that gave him a seat in Parliament at thirty-one, through the influence of the Duke of Rutland. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-three, and First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor, and practically the controlling power of England, at twenty-five and held that position for seventeen continuous years, dying at forty-six.

Soft Dreams and Mighty Strides.

Dolliver inherited no political prestige. He had no Duke of Rutland for a sponsor. The clifty hills and lofty mountains of Virginia were his great godfathers and the honeyed valleys of that romantic birthland whispered their soft dreams into his eager, boyhood ears. The rivers and the hills of loyal Illinois gave welcome to his trudging weary feet and encouraged his exalted hope. The rolling plains and honeysuckled woodlands of our river-bordered Iowa sang thrice welcome to the bright-eyed, continental wayfarer and won his wondrous heart and scintillating brain for its historic heritage and gave him all the rich and precious gifts within its political and lavish power. He went out for us and won the successive battles of his life by brilliant strife and illustrious zeal.

His great heart impelled the blood to his fertile brain in many years of swift, ambitious strides, sometimes his judgment differing with yours and sometimes with mine. But it matters not, he had fought the battles of our cause on many a brilliant day, and our tears of exultation for the fame of our great state were mingled on many glorious occasions. Every Hawkeye was proud of his chieftain, proud to have such a splendid champion in the great arenas of public life and on the popular stage. No matter if his clarion voice sounded sentiments, maybe discordant with our own, he had bared his breast for the Grand Old Man in that final hour of both their great careers.

Home at Last to Rest.

And then at last he came home to rest. He had thought always in his recent years of the delightful and peaceful prospect of enjoying the habitude which he had selected and paid for with his honorable and strenuous earnings, consisting of some broad acres over there in the magnificent middle of our state, "touched by two rivers," as he described it himself, and situated there beside the city of his early friends. His plans for its improvement and perfection had not yet been completed, but they were in the apple of his eye and heart, and he sat himself down on the porch of his town-house home, in the midst of his charming family of wife and children, where he could see the undulating landscape of his future, rural habitude, in contemplation, and mused over it all in those dearest days of our best October season, when the vines were running over the sunlit hedges in all the golden glory of that rich, autumnal time; and with all apparent faith in the restitution of his health, with his bright soul shining in his eyes and in his usual laughing mood, he counted his pulse beats up to seven, refusing to count himself out—like the fighter that he was—but the physician counted more and feebler pulse beats. It seemed as though Infinite Mercy spared our friend the usual suffering and pain that attends the exit of great souls. There is no evidence that he suffered even for a moment a gloomy or troubled apprehension. His jovial hand seemed lifted from the grasp of his latest visitor by the hand of The Infinite One.

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